

# Exhibit C

REMINISCENCES  
OF  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

DISTINGUISHED MEN OF HIS TIME

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

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to consult with Stanton and myself about military matters ; I will wait until then, and talk the matter over with him."

Finally, there was a very flagrant case of a soldier who, in the crisis of a battle, demoralized his regiment by his cowardice, throwing down his gun and hiding behind the friendly stump. When tried for his cowardice there was no defense. The court-martial, in examining his antecedents, found that he had neither father nor mother living, nor wife nor child ; that he was unfit to wear the loyal uniform, and that he was a thief who stole continually from his comrades. "Here," said Judge Holt, "is a case which comes exactly within your requirements. He does not deny his guilt ; he will better serve the country dead than living, as he has no relations to mourn for him, and he is not fit to be in the ranks of patriots, at any rate." Mr. Lincoln's refuge of excuse was all swept away. Judge Holt expected, of course, that he would write "approved" on the paper ; but the President, running his long fingers through his hair, as he so often used to do when in anxious thought, replied, "Well, after all, Judge, I think I must put this with my leg cases."

"*Leg cases*," said Judge Holt, with a frown at this supposed levity of the President, in a case of life and death. "What do you mean by *leg cases*, sir?"

"Why, why," replied Mr. Lincoln, "do you see

those papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases that you call by that long title, 'cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them, for short, my 'leg cases.' But I put it to you, and I leave it for you to decide for yourself: if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help their running away with him?"

Let me give another anecdote bearing on the same subject. A Congressman went up to the White House one morning on business, and saw in the anteroom, always crowded with people in those days, an old man, crouched all alone in a corner, crying as if his heart would break. As such a sight was by no means uncommon, the Congressman passed into the President's room, transacted his business, and went away. The next morning he was obliged again to go to the White House, and he saw the same old man crying, as before, in the corner. He stopped, and said to him, "What's the matter with you, old man?" The old man told him the story of his son; that he was a soldier in the Army of the James—General Butler's army—that he had been convicted by a court-martial of an outrageous crime and sentenced to be shot next week; and that his Congressman was so convinced of the convicted man's guilt that he would not intervene. "Well," said Mr. Alley, "I will take you into the Executive Chamber after I have finished my business, and you

can tell Mr. Lincoln all about it. On being introduced into Mr. Lincoln's presence, he was accosted with, "Well, my old friend, what can I do for you to-day?" The old man then repeated to Mr. Lincoln what he had already told the Congressman in the anteroom. A cloud of sorrow came over the President's face as he replied, "I am sorry to say I can do nothing for you. Listen to this telegram received from General Butler yesterday: 'President Lincoln, I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers.'—B. F. BUTLER."

Every word of this dispatch seemed like the death knell of despair to the old man's newly awakened hopes. Mr. Lincoln watched his grief for a minute, and then exclaimed, "By jingo, Butler or no Butler, here goes!"—writing a few words and handing them to the old man. The confidence created by Mr. Lincoln's words broke down when he read—"Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"Why," said the old man, "I thought it was to be a pardon; but you say, 'not to be shot till further orders,' and you may order him to be shot next week." Mr. Lincoln smiled at the old man's fears, and replied, "Well, my old friend, I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till further orders come from

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me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

When Mr. Lincoln came into the Presidency, he called into his Cabinet his two great rivals for the nomination at Chicago, as Secretary of State and as Secretary of Treasury. And as Mr. Evarts, in his Dartmouth oration on Mr. Chase, stated most justly, this very fact proved, beyond all question and controversy, that nature had fitted and marked Lincoln for a ruler among men; that only accident had hedged his early life in Illinois in comparative obscurity. Undoubtedly Mr. Evarts but anticipated the impartial and unerring verdict of history when he added, that the presence of Seward and Chase, in the two great departments of State and Treasury, gave to the nation nearly every possible benefit that could have resulted from the Presidency of either; and that neither of these two great political leaders would have made as good a minister under the administration of the other as they both did under the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln.

In 1861, Mr. Lincoln revised, corrected and expunged Mr. Seward's letter to Charles Francis Adams, our Minister to England, on the most important foreign question of the war—belligerent rights—until he had very materially changed its tone, scope and character. The venerable Truman Smith once told me that, after examining at the State De-

partment the original draft of this most important foreign state paper, in the well-known handwriting of Mr. Seward, and the changes, corrections and interlineations in the well-known handwriting of Lincoln, he believed that but for the cautious and prudential changes by Mr. Lincoln, that document, as first written, would have involved us in serious difficulties with Great Britain. Yet, when, the next year after, all the Republican Senators but one asked, through Judge Collamer, that he should change this very Secretary of State, he indignantly refused to allow any dictation as to the *personnel* of his administration.

When the nation was all aflame for reprisals against Great Britain, you remember how he calmed it down with the reply, "One war at a time!" And thus to people and to parties, to Senators and to Cabinets, he proved himself, unmistakably, President in fact, as well as President in title.

Critics have arraigned Mr. Lincoln for lack of dignity ; and he used to acknowledge, in reply, that he had never enjoyed a quarter's education in any dignity school whatever. While his Western training, so full as it had been of independent individuality, appeared to make the requirements of etiquette always chafe and gall him, you can imagine how astonished was Lord Lyons, the stately British Minister, when he presented the autograph letter from

had finished reading it he turned to me, and, with emotion, he said :

“‘Are you, madam, the unhappy mother of this wounded and imprisoned son?’

“‘I am,’ I said.

“‘And do you believe he will honor his parole if I permit him to take it and go with you?’

“‘I am ready, Mr. President, to peril my personal liberty upon it,’ I replied.

“‘You shall have your boy, my dear madam,’ he said. ‘To take him from the ranks of rebellion and give him to a loyal mother is a better investment for this government than to give him up to its deadly enemies.’

“Then, taking the envelope, he wrote with his own pencil the order which you see upon it. As he handed it to me he said :

“‘There! Give that to the commanding officer of Fort McHenry, and you will be permitted to take your son with you where you will; and God grant he may prove a great blessing to you and an honor to his country.’”

It need hardly be added, that the young prisoner was soon removed from the garrison; and, under the tender nursing of this heroic and devoted mother, was able, after a few months, to resume his studies in one of our Northern colleges. A beautiful and most touching letter, subsequently received at Fort

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McHenry from Mrs. Winston, expressed, in touching terms, her gratitude and that of her son to all who had rendered her aid in that hour of her great trial.

The National Cemetery at Gettysburg was dedicated on the 17th of November, 1863. Shortly before the dedication was to take place the President sent an invitation to my chief, General W. W. Morris, and his staff, to join him at Baltimore and accompany him on his special train to Gettysburg. General Morris was sick at the time, and requested me, as his chief of staff, to represent him on that occasion. The General was suffering from one of the troubles which tried the patience of Job.

On the day appointed, therefore, I presented myself, with two other members of the staff, to President Lincoln, on his arrival at Baltimore, and offered the apology of my chief for his absence.

After cordially greeting us and directing us to make ourselves comfortable, the President, with quizzical expression, turned to Montgomery Blair (then Postmaster-General), and said :

"Blair, did you ever know that fright has sometimes proved a sure cure for boils?"

"No, Mr. President. How is that?"

"I'll tell you. Not long ago, when Colonel \_\_\_\_\_, with his cavalry, was at the front, and the Rebs were making things rather lively for us, the